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Remembrance



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Chapter 1 by Narcissistic Prince

As the clock struck twelve she let out a deep sigh, "Just a little more", she exhaled exhaustively. She had been writing for hours now. Her eyes haze and darken as she struggles more and more to stay awake. Word by word her mind drifts further and further away, the stroke of her pen lightening. Then in a single moment...

Rain taps lightly against the window, a soft lamp light bounces off the walls, lighting the room with an ambient glow as a faint scent of fresh brewed tea fills the air. The room becomes still as the ringing of a single note dances through the bold scent, intensely building the solo note is joined by a melodic array flowing forth from her fingers through the keys. The atmosphere, thick with rich colorful harmonies. With a final key strokes ring the clock strikes twelve and silence falls.

"what was that?.." She whispers to herself as she shakes awake and peers up at the clock, "12:22". She turns and stares puzzled out the window. Desperately she tries to recall the room, the smells, the sounds... The music. Closing her eyes she concentrates on the feeling of ecstasy. The light rain and the soft light coupled with invigorating scents and the beauty of the

warm rains. Of her song. Just as the night begins to focus it blurs once again.

She opens her eyes in an act of frustration. She looks around she sees only a shadow of light cast against the wall by the moonlight streaming through the blinds. "What, but I was..." she mumbles. Days pass. Minutes pass as she attempts again to remember but cannot. Content with the ignorance of her awakening she rises to the window seal curiously to gaze up at the midnight sky. A cool breeze blows hair in her

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face as she opens the window. She smiles and laughs at the moment, looking up at the star filled sky. A full moon looming, suspended between constellations sits high, she stares in awe, listening to the rustling of trees in the wind accompany the breathtaking view... Indescribable tranquility overwhelms her and her frustrations fade. A shooting star streams majestically by as though to complete the surreal beautiful scene. Shutting her eyes, silently she makes a wish, mouthing the words to herself in slow repetition...

"Remember... Remember... Remember...", she whispers. The room slowly shifts, the cool blue moon light fades to a warm yellow glow. The sound of rustling trees is joined by chirping birds and the smell of spring flowers and freshly cut grass wafting in through the still open window. Her eyes open to the ivory and ebony keys of a rustic-oak piano. Gently she glides her fingers over the coarse-stained wood, then caresses the smooth keys; the room is quaint with walls weighed with vibrancy and culture. Though it's foreign, It's somehow familiar. Comforted by the intimacy she takes a breath, letting the memory sink deep into her... Satisfied she exhales with a lush harmonious chord, pressing down it sustains, she continues to play just as she had before. Her every note crescendoing louder and louder until... She pauses quickly, her eyes fixed on the ticking clock reading 11:59. She sighs, smiling nostalgically and once again closes her eyes..

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